particulars.

There is a certain percentage of liars to every million inhabitants, as there is a certain percentage of suicides and of maniacs.

I have no reason to believe that there would

be more women than men in the liars' cen

is referred to in the same wholesale style of condemnation anywhere in Holy Writ.

to the root of the matter; find out from what defect in yourself that vife weed has sprung

up in your other self; govern the jealousy or tyranny in your own breast, and in 99 cases out of every 100 the trying little de-ceptions will disappear from the conduct of

your helpmate.

Above ail, he frank with your children; if there is something that it is best they should not know, tell them so, but do not tell them a falsehood, for sooner or later they will find you out. Children look upon

their parents as models on which to form themselves, and when a child learns that

its mother has deceived it, something is lost forever from his nature. The keen edge of virtue is a trifle dulled, and a lie is never again so terrible a thing in his eyes when he finds that his mother's lips have uttered

an untruth to him. MAUD HOWE.

AN EASILY MADE DUCK BLIND.

Adapting a Japanese Slicker to the Uses of

n Yankee Sportsman.

It seems a little odd for Yankee sportsm

to go to Japan for new ideas, but they are

practically doing just that. A down-town

dealer in Japanese goods observed when in

net made of small ropes twisted from strong

sea grass, the meshes of the net being about an inch square. Over this net the long grass was thatched so that it hung from the

neck to the heels of the wearer. Instead of sleeves there were openings in the net, but

the thatchwork of grass protected the arms below the elbow, even when the wearer was

pushing a cart.

The dealer had a knowledge of duck shoot-

ing, and at once concluded that if the wearer's head could be concealed by the

same sort of a thatch it would be utterly

impossible for a duck to distinguish a shooter so disguised from a pile of the grass.

A thatch was accordingly woven for the purpose. On a trial it was found that at a

not distinguish the wearer from

distance of a few rods the human eye could

rounding grass save only in such bright weather as no flights of ducks could be looked for. The slicker of the Japanese

aborer proved to be a valuable blind for

the duck hunters, and now all the import-

ers of Japanese goods and the dealers in shooting outfits are keeping them in stock. It will interest the man who likes to make

his own outfits to know that he can make

one of these blinds for himself. All that is

necessary is to make a loose cloak of com-

mon substantial cotton cloth. To this sew

marsh grass in rows, beginning at the bot-tom of the cloak. If the rows are sewed six inches apart and each stitch secures two

straws, one on the top of the other, a light

strong thatch will be made. The cap sheat

can be made by sewing the grass to a cotton night-cap. It will be found not only an

effectual way of concealing oneself, but the

DROWNED HIS TORMENTORS.

Br'er Rabbit Adopts an Ingenious Method

of Getting Rid of Flens.

One of the Progress force has just returned

from a trip to the country, and relates the

following little incident witnessed by him

while fishing: He was half reclining on

the bank, watching his cork for the evidence

of a bite, when a rustling of leaves and

cracking of dead sticks to the right attracted his attention. Turning his head in that di-

rection, he discovered a rabbit cautiously

making his way to the water. Becom-

ing absorbed in the capers of the nimble quadruped, he relinquished all thought of the breams he ex-pected to snatch from their beds and

became interested in what the rabbit was doing. The little fellow at length reached

the water, where he turned round and be-

gan gently and gradually to back into it.

In a few minutes his entire body was sub-merged, except the head and face, upon

which black spots began to appear, increas

ing as the moments did, until the entire

part became as black as a dark thunder-

At this juncture the rabbit made a plunge

under the water, as suddenly arose and skipped off as happy a little creature as you would care to see. Impelled by curios-

ity, the scribe approached the spot from which the rabbit had bounded, peered down upon the water, and there beheld a count-less collection of fleas floating on the sur-face. This is the way the rabbits "flea"

themselves, as it is called, as the scribe

A Strict Constructionist

Colonel Bland-Why, Harry, my boy,

how are you? I haven't seen anything of

you for a long time; but I watch your career

closely, and you know I am deeply inter-

ested in your future.

Harry—Thank you, Colonel. I know you are. Was just looking for you. Am in a tight place, and want to know if you could let me have 200 by noon to-day.

Colonel Bland—Well—er—Harry, you see, I am so solicitous about your future, I

can't even consider any proposition relating

The Unattainable.

It's never the things close by, dear,

That we wish and long for so;

It's never the thing we have, child,

There is ever a something lacking.

The good that has passed us by, dear, That causes the pain and doubt.

A feeling of pain and loss, Will we find it again hereafter, When the gold is refined from dross!

When the lessons of life are ended,

It is ever above and beyond us-

That our longing wishes go.

But the thing we do without:

afterward learned.

ested in your future.

o the present. Pretty day.

Puck.

ble on a bleak day in November.

sandersville (Fia.) Progress.1

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. I

there lived a king who was the father of twin

children, and when he died he left a will in which he made an equal provision for both his boys.

The fact that one of my children is blind," he said, in his will, "has made me very unhappy for many years, because it made it necessary for me to have half of my subjects ruled by a blind monarch. Still, I have weighed the matter very thoroughly, and I have come to the conclusion that it would be unjust to my blind boy to have him relinquish his rightful inheritance, simply because Providence has seen fit to bring him into the world without eyes. In my opinion the misfortune of his affliction is sad enough in itself, and for that reason I would not like to have him deprived of any advantage or right which I am able to bestow upon him. It is my will, therefore,

to have my kingdom divided between the two boys, share and share alike."

Thus the King died and the two princes were at once installed as kings of their respective parts of the land. For some time the government succeeded very well, especially where the blind prince was ruling. He was a wise young man and his



The Blind Prince Pleads for His Life, blindness interfered but very little with his duties as a king. But his brother, who very soon proved himself utterly incapable as his tather's successor became very jealous of his brother, and he immediately started a conspiracy to get rid of his blind brother and thus proclaim himself sole king of his father's possessions. He hired a pair of

assassins, and told them to put the blind Prince out of the way.

These two men were only too successful in their attempt. They hid themselves one day in the blind King's private room, and when pight over-hadowed the castle they want over to the King's had been dayin went over to the King's bed, bound him, gagged him and carried him out of the palace without anybody noticing them. They hastened out of the town with all possible speed, and they did not stop with their royal burden until they arrived in the depth of a deep forest. Here they put the blind Prince on the ground and took the gag from his mouth.

Who is the man that wants my life?"

asked the Prince. "Well, what good would my death do to you?" he pleaded. "I am blind, and it would be impossible for me to return to my castle; and even then I would not be strong enough to punish him. Therefore, let me

go and live; I will never be able to trouble The men at last gave in. "What is the use of killing a blind man anyhow; let him go as long as he does not bother us."
So they went, and the blind Prince was

left to himself. He got up and groped his way through the forest as best he might. he ran against a tree and hurt himself, because he could not see. At last he was bruised to such an extent that he could



Rescued by the Fairy of Fortune. not get along any further. Exhausted, he sank down in the grass praying that he

might soon die.
"I was toolish to plead for my life," he murmured; "had those ruffians killed me all my trouble would be over by this time. Ah! my cruel brother, what had I ever don to you, that you should want to have me killed. Gladly I would have given you my crown and my land, if that was all you

Thus the poor blind Prince spoke in his sorrow, and his heart nearly broke. But suddenly a noise like the sound in the rustling leaves attracted his attention. He listened a moment, thinking it might be somebody walking along through the woods. The noise came pearer, until at last it stopped, and the blind young man heard

Who are you, blind stranger, and how did you come here?"

The words were spoken in a soft, sweet, melodious voice, and there were such sounds of confidence in it that the Prince at once

told his trouble. At the close of his narration he said: "But who are you?" "I am the fairy of Fortune, Light and Life, what can I do for you?"

"Well," exclaimed the Prince, "you have just everything that I lack, therefore do with me as you please."
"All right," replied the fairy, "take hold

of my hand and I will take you to a place where you shall enjoy all the pleasures of The Prince put out his hand, and he felt

it grasped by the softest paim and fingers he had ever touched. Then he felt himself drawn toward the fairy, who put her other hand around him, and lifting him of the ground, the blind young man and the lady flew up into the air. They coursed through the clouds for many, many miles, and so rapidly that the Prince soon lost his consciousness. How long he was in this con-dition he did not know, but when he awoke,

ochold-he could see!

Oh, how glad he was to be able to re joice in the pleasures surrounding him. He was reclining on a divan of the sweetest, softest moss in the most splendid garden which was ever created. Myriads of exquisite flowers diffused their delicious tragrance throughout the air, transforming the atmosphere into a perfect paradise. Every-where in the garden the Prince noticed beautiful ladies flitting hither, and thither

LONG time ago | through the shading ahrubs, and from the there lived a king | far distance he heard strains of sweet music intermingling in exquisite harmony with the splashing rainbow-colored spray of water spurting from marble fountains all THE YOUNG AMERICAN WIFE OF TO-DAY

boys, one of whom
was blind.
The King, however, was equally

The Wing however, was equally

The King however is nothing a man could wish that cannot be found here. fond of his two not be found here."

Presently the ladies advanced toward him, and the first one approached him with

these words: "Now, that I have given back light to



The Call to Arms.

your eves, you may stay here for an hour and enjoy our fortune and the manner of our life, but then you must hasten away again. For know, my stranger, that this is the realm of the fairies, and no mortal dare remain here long."

remain here long."

The Prince stayed as long as he could, and he spent the sweetest hour his life had ever known. He was very sorry when the time was up, but he knew his departure was inevitable, and so he left. The kind fairy who had brought him also led him back again into the wood where she found him. But the young man's heart knew no fear and sorrow now. He was determined to go back to his kingdom and regain the crown which had been so treacherously stolen from

When he arrived in the capital of his land he at once proclaimed himself the rightful King and the people flocked around him in great numbers. He related all his experiences from the very moment he had been attacked in his bedroom until this very moment. The people were cheering him with unstinted enthusiasm and when he stoped speaking, all the young men came forward and offered to help him to fight his treacherous brother. The next day the war commenced, which lasted for a ong time. But the treacherous king was at last defeated. His army was annihilated and himsel; was taken prisoner.

The friends of the blind prince were so incensed against his brother, that they killed him before it could be prevented. Then the Prince was made the King of the entire land and the people were never sorry

WINDER AND HIS DOG.

Outcome of a Man's Selfish Scheme to Punts! n Dumb Animal. New York Sun.1

"I am going to keep that dog out of that chair or know the reason," said Ed Winder one evening last week, as he went into the "Now prepare yourself," they shouted at him, "because you must die."

"It was prepare yourself," they shouted at him, "because you must die."

"It was prepare yourself," they shouted at him, "because you must die." The unfortunate young man pleaded for his life in the most eloquent terms, and the men at last wavered. as he dumped the dog and cushion on the floor. The same thing had happened every "Nobody but your brother," they replied. | day for six months or more, accompanied by remarks of a similar nature, and even the dog was so used to the treatment that he alwas acted as if he expected it.

I will fix her," said Widner and right after dinner he went into the kitchen and was busy hammering and grunting for 20 chair and thickly studded with small tacks, which projected through the old bootleg a quarter of an inch. "Now Hannah, I want you to leave that right in that chair all the ime, and I think it'll cure Fan of occupying it. She's just awearing out that cush-ion with her clawing and scratching, and I ain't going to put up with it no longer. See?" and flinging the leather into the seat of the chair he put on his hat and went out. As soon as the door closed Fan scrambled up into the chair, gave a terrible howl, and rolled off upon the floor. Mrs. Widner fondled her pet and muttered something shout wishing Widner was served the same way. The first thing he did on coming home to supper was to remove his hat and coat. Next he sat down in his favorite He scarcely seemed to touch the seat, but it was enough to make him start and let out an unearthly scream, which quickly brought several neighbors to the uoor. Winder was not in the house then; he had bolted out of the back door and was prancing up and down the path, groaning and swearing alternately. Fan now has undisputed possession of the chair when he

THE ORIGIN OF A SONG.

How James Randall Came to Write Mary. land, My Maryland.

is out.

Chicago Tribune.1 "Did you ever hear how 'My Maryland' came to be written? I don't know that I am telling you anything new. I heard it was written by James Randall, who is, if I am informed correctly, editing a paper in Georgia. He was in camp one night and couldn't sleep on account of numerous attacks by parasites. As he tossed to and fro

> 'The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland, my Maryland, His touch is at thy temple's door, Maryland, my Maryland.

"It was an inspiration, and very soon it was being sung all around the camp. The music is that of the old German volksong

"O, Tannenbaum! O, Tannenbaum!" which is, I believe, in English, 'O, pine tree, O, pine tree, How green are thy leaves!" " 'My Maryland' is still popular in the

South, and was the most inspiriting of all

Southern airs." A Mininture. Yes, he was a seaman true, With a coat of British blue, And his buttons bright as gold: Of a great-great aunt of mine,

As became a sailor bold. And he pleaded not in vain, For she gave him love again; And thought that through her life Her strength and stay should be

This hero of the sea, Who wood her for his wife. But he-his grave is deep; The Baltic billows sweep And surge above his breast; And she—when gray and old, And she—when gray and old, In quiet English mold They laid her to her rest.

O yes, a simple tale
For you who love of frail
And faulty yows to sing;
And it happened long ago,
But hearts were hearts, you know,
When Goorge the Third was King,
—The Acades

WHY WOMEN DECEIVE

Maud Howe on the Popular Belief That Her Sex is Born of Deceit.

FORCED TO RESORT TO STRATEGY

Women, as a Rule, Are Not More Prone to Deceit Than Men.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. Deceit is, ever has been and always will be, the weapon of the oppressed. Deceitfulness of character is a fault which is largely

brought about by external circumstances. All people held in subjection by a mere brute force are deceitful. The ancient Greeks had the reputation of being a deceitful people. "Fear the Greeks bringing gifts," says an old writer. If they deserved this reputation it is because the Greeks were numerically a small people. They ruled through their intellectual superiority. Hellenic literature and art were at

their height in the age of Pericles and Phidias. The ideals of Hellenic art, the truths of Greek philosophy are still unparalleled in the world's history. Had not the Greeks been full of devices and fertile in strategy, the barbarian hordes of Europe and of Asia could never have been held in check by that nation, which was great in intellectual dominion, but small in territory and in the actual number of its inhab-

All people who are held in a state of subjection take refuge in strategy or deceit.

Until recently the position of woman has for the most part been a subject one all the world over. From this fact arises the popular fallacy that there is something essentially deceitful in the nature of woman, as distinct from the nature of man. That this helief is a full second that it is only held. belief is a fallacy, and that it is only held by ignorant or unthinking persons, I most earnestly maintain.

WIGWAM TACTICS.

The Indian squaw is the slave of her brave. She works for him and serves him even as his horse or his dog work for him, but, un-like the dog or horse, that Indian woman is possessed of one of the strongest human inpossessed of one of the strongest human in-stincts—the love of power. The only voice she can have in the community, her very supremacy in her own wigwam is through her influence over the men of her family. This being the case, she must be a very re-markable squaw who does not flatter, wheedle, and cajole her husband, and by every possible means secure as strong a hold as possible over him. We all know households to-day where

these wigwam tactics are pursued. The master is irascible, overbearing, and obstinate. The wife is his equal in most respects and in some his superior, in self-con-trol and a good temper particularly so. For the peace of the household it is impossible to directly oppose the dicta of the master, who is of a sort that wants to know best about all domestic matters, the discipline of the nursery and the kitchen as well as the routine of the stable or the ordering of the wine cellar.

Now, in the matters appertaining to kitchen and nursery, this wife knows that her husband's ideas are wrong and that her own are right, and by a constant series of small deceptions the tyrant is led to believe that his measures are carried out, whereas in point of fact they are quite properly ignored. I do not say that the wife is blameless, but I say that the 'sauit lies first with the habord. the husband, whose tiresome tyranny forces his wile into subterfuges for the sake of the general good. There is a large class of men who have to be thus cajoled.

WOMEN ARE MAGNANIMOUS.

Women are, as a rule, magnanimous; they like to think their husbands quite as clever as themselves; there are still women like Lady Castlewood, who prefer to elevate nd who is in many ways their inferior, into a sort of supreme household god before whom all their lives shall be passed in an attitude of devotion, but this relation ship is as unnatural and painful to witness as the other.

There is one head on which the people who clamor for the deceitfulness of women are wisely silent, and that is the comparative number of deceptions practiced by one sex upon the other in matters of the heart. Lady Clare Vere de Vere is a type of proud coquette which figures largely in romance, minutes. At last he held up a piece of and somewhat, it must be confessed, in real leather half as wide as the cushion of the and ruin wrought by the men of the same social standing against the womankind of a lower social grade? Ah! master cynic, that cruelest of deceptions brings up the score of the men to a fearful level.

To go back to our household of the tyrant and the innecent hypocrite, how often is

and the innocent hypocrite, how often is that wife who keeps back the children's naughtinesses or the amount of the butcher' bill deceived in the most vital of all matters, the integrity of the marriage bond? It is well, perhaps, that that census of infidelity can never be accurately taken.

It is the position in which women have found themselves which has tended to develop their powers of intrigue and dissimulation; change these false conditions; tree women as the natural equal of man, and this tendency to underhand dealing disappears. The feminine element all through nature is recognized as necessarily equal to the masculine. Two halves are equal to each other, their sum making the whole in mankind as in other things.

PROGRESS OF AMERICAN WOMEN, Nowhere is the advance which our race has made in the last 50 years so well demon-strated as in the young American woman of high standing to-day—the young woman of the advanced guard of our civilization, be it understood. She has received as good an education as her brothers, and only too often has more time to devote to the arts and letters than he has. Taking the people from 20 to 30 years old to-day, children of well-to-do parents all over the country, we find a higher average of culture among the women than among the men. This is neither a pleasant fact nor a healthy state of things; but it is the result of the extraordinary commercial impulse of the last 25 years, commercial impulse of the last 25 years, which has carried our young men into active commercial or professional life at a very early age. The competition is so fierce that, unless a man is willing to be a laggard in the race for money, he has neither time to read, to study, nor to cultivate his tastes.

In a community where the balance of the cultivation is on the side of the women, the question, "Are women deceitful?" can have but one answer—an emphatic "No!" Men and women are, first of all, human, having all the great human traits and instincts in common; after this they are male and female; but how often we find a feminine soul in the form of man, and the strong masculine spirit of enterprise looking out from the eyes of some fair woman!

Men and women are said to be children of a larger growth. If you make it worth a child's while to deceive you, he will probably do so, and the same is true of the grown up children.

The river must make its way to the ocean if you block up its course with all sorts of impediments, it will take a circuitous route; remove the obstacles and it will make a straight line to the sea. So with a man or a woman: life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, or, to sum the three into one word, freedom, is the end to which we all tend; make the road easy for us, and we go honestly and openly to our goal. Hedge us about with all sorts of restrictions and useless barriers, and we will elude you it we can, and hurry on our way, taking care that another time you shall not have the chance

to hinder us. MOTIVES FOR DECEIT. There is nothing in the nature of women

that makes them more prone to deceit than man, though there is too much in the circumstances of their lives which develops this disagreeable quality. In order to look fairly at the question we should put it in

And we are wiser grown,
Will we know the songs were sweetest
After the birds were flown?
Emma S. Thomas in Albany Journ his manner: Given the same motives for deception to

COOKING A FINE ART equal number of men and women, and shall we find the women more liable to fall into the error than the men? I think not.

Views of Adrien Tenu, a Noted French Chef, on the Subject.

sus of a community where, as in most parts of the United States, men and women are practically equals. We have scriptural suthority for the statement that "all men are liars." I do not remember that womankind PROGRAMME OF A GOOD DINNER. Why French Dishes Are Relished All the

World Over. INFLUENCE OF DIGESTION ON MORALS

condemnation anywhere in Holy Writ.

It was a good many years ago that
Thomas Moore said those trying things
about a woman's word. I think Moore
must have been a very young man when he
gravely stated that running water and
shifting moonbeams would be stronger,
trues betterook shifting moonbeams would be stronger, truer, better than a woman's word. Perhaps it was so in the society he knew, the society that Thackeray has preserved for us, where it was almost impossible for a clever woman to get on without that insidious weapon, deceit. But Thackeray's men and women are not our men and women; we are IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The French have reason to be proud of their cooking because it is known and approved in all parts of the world. A Frenchman believes that cookery is a science; no man is born a good cook, he must acquire the art by study and practice. Some people women are not our men and women; we are 100 years ahead of them in the relations of have an idea that French cooking is too rich for health, that it is too highly spiced the sexes, if 100 years behind in some other to be wholesome. This is a grave mistake. French cooks do not use as much oil as the MAINTAINING THE BALANCE OF POWER. Italians, and the taste of garlic or onion is As has been said, the position of woman has induced, and in many cases still in-duces, the deplorable fault of deceit; but reverse those conditions, and put the bal-ance of power in the hands of a tyrannical not prominent in any of their dishes when they are properly cooked. It is true that they make use of these articles and the various spices, but only for the purpose of giving a proper taste to the dish, which, woman, and the opposite results are directly obtained. Joe Gargary and Pip were always contriving to outwit Mrs. Gargary, and the meek husband lends himself to all though it may contain many ingredients, must not have any one flavor too pronounced. We do not give any dish such a
strong taste or flavor that no one can eat it,
and a French dish, properly prepared, will
suit almost anyone in the world. It is our
aim to so put food on the table that it will
be attractive and appetizing to the eater,
and also cook it with a view to its being
easily digested.

A French dinner, though it may consist
of many courses, rarely gives to a person a must not have any one flavor too pro-Pip's devices to escape contact with that rod of chastisement, Tickler. The tyrant, whether man or woman, will always be deceived, for deceit is the shadow of oppression. In the home where the sun-light of an honest, trustful love shines, we find neither distrust nor deceit.

If you imagine that your husband or your wife is not quite truthful to you, do not upbraid him or her too harshly, but go

of many courses, rarely gives to a person a sense of discomfort. Digestion, more than any other function of the body, has an influany other function of the body, has an influence on the temper, the character, almost the morals of a man. "We do not live," says an old adage, "upon what we eat, but upon what we digest." Give a man a poor dinner and you can make him cross and disagreeable for the day. Without our being aware of it, and, what is more, without our being able to prevent it, accordingly as we digest are we gay, sad, taciturn, lively, morose or melancholy.

AN EXACT SCIENCE.

In France, where cooking is studied as a science, there are four departments of cooking in which one who has taken the vocation must make himself proficient. He must learn how to make sauces, to roast, to cook vegetables and deserts, and to butcher, or cut the meat after it is received from the market into the prepare sixed places for the market into the proper sized pieces for the various uses to which they are to be put. It may be, in after life, that he will devote his entire attention to only one of these departments, but he never can hope to occupy the position of a chef until he has acquired a full knowledge of these different branches of work. In Paris boys of 14 or 15, on leaving school, apprentice themselves to the keepers of restaurants, paying

dealer in Japanese goods observed when in that country that the natives wore a sort of slicker or waterproof cloak that made the wearer look more like an animated haystack than anything else. The coat consisted of a net made of small ropes twisted from strong French cooks here are young ellows who have held humble positions in some of the large restaurants where, while they were performing some menial service, they have picked up some general knowledge on the subject of cooking, enough to enable them to secure situations in private families.
The French call such persons "cooks by imitation;" they have no real, solid basis for their knowledge, and are destitute of

talent and originality.

In each of the four departments of cooking In each of the four departments of cooking
I have named, a man will have plenty of
opportunity to display his knowledge. The
ability to make good sauces is generally
looked upon as one of the most difficult branches of French cooking. There is what may be called a regular French sauce, but with the other, according to the invention of the cook who, in that way, invents new com-binations to which he gives a name. By the judicious use of aromatic herbs and condi-ments the original sauce may have its flavor changed several times, each time seeming to be a new preparation. I suppose the making of sauces is considered the most difficult branch of French cooking because they are used so often, not only on fish, but in the entrees. I should add that very often the Parisian cook begins his apprenticeship by working on pastry, then goes to the kitchen and keeps on learning his occupation until he is able to direct one of the departments that have been mentioned.

A GOOD DINNER.

It would, of course, be difficult to give a programme of a good dinner for a single person. Making allowances for individual tastes let us suppose that a gentleman of means visits a first-class restaurant in New York for the purpose of enjoying a good dinner. According to my idea his order would be something like this, and I give the prices of the dishes to gratify the curiosity of those who are not informed as to the cost of the edibles. First he would have clams, or oysters, 25 cents; some kind of soup, 50 cents; a relish, like olives or radishes, 20 cents; a side dish—a small pate or fry ac-cording to taste, 60 cents or 75 cents; fish, 60 cents; entree, 75 cents; meat, \$1 25; sorbet, 40 cents; a roast bird, 60 cents to \$1 50; salad, 30 cents; vegetables, 50 cents; entre-met, 40 cents; dessert or fruit, 30 cents; cheese, 25 cents; cafe and cognac, 40 cents. He might omit the side dish and take the entree which should always be accompanied by a vegetable. It is difficult to prescribe what the wine should be for a single person. According to custom he would have to drink four kinds of wine—a glass of sherry with the soup, then Chablais or Sauterne, Bordeaux with the entree, Burgundy with the roast, and either a glass of French champagne with the dessert or some sweet Spanish wine; the latter drink is very seldom used in America, but in France it is quite a common beverage. Some years ago Savarin, the famous au-

thority on gastronomy, gave the following bill of fare for a family dinner, the head of the establishment supposed to be in receipt of an income of \$1,000 a year.

A roast fillet of yeal, larded, a farmyard turkey, stuffed with chestnuts, with gravy, with stewed pigeons.

A dish of stewed cabbage (sauer kraut),

rnamented with sausages and crowned by fine piece of bacon. Here is a modern dinner, the bill of fare of the "Underwriters' Alliance," served at the Cafe Savarin a short time ago, 25 persons sitting down to the meal:

MENU. Little neck clams. Potages.
Consomme d'Orleans, Tortue verte
Varies, Hors d'œuvre, Varies
Fritot kleber,
Releve Releve.

Releve.

Saumon sauce riche. Pommes de terre a la dorne.
Entrees.

Cotelettes d'agneau de printemps, Nilson.
Petits pois a la Francaise.
Ris de veau davout.
Choufieur Dubarry.
Asperges sauce, hollandaise.
Borbet Belfort.
Roti.
Becassine sur canape.

Becassine sur canape. Salade de saison. Dessert.
Fraises a la Nordenskjold.
etits fours. Amandes au sel.
Cafe, A FRENCHWOMAN'S PRIDE. In French families in New York the

mother takes more pride in her ability to prepare an appetizing meal than she does in dress or display; it seems to be an ambition of the French woman to maintain for her country its reputation for good cookery. The pot au feu, the favorite soup, is served constantly; a kettle is kept on the stove, and into this the meat and vegetables are cooked for three or four hours. When this is ready to be served the crumbs of dried bread are added to it, and the soup is reliabled particularly by the middle and course and is eaten with horse-radish sauce

course and is eaten with horse-radish sauce and some of the vegetables that were cooked in the soup. A dish very much relished by French people is a leg of mutton with white beans. The meat is cooked very thoroughly and not served so rare as Americans and Englishmen like it; the beans are cooked in salt water, to which is added, afterward, the gravy that comes from the mutton, some onions, carrots and thyme. Before the meat is cooked a bunch, consisting of bayleaf, garlic and barsley, has been inserted in the roast. After the beans are cooked the water is strained from them and the gravy from the meat is added to them.

The reason why certain French restaurants are able to give such good meals at such a reasonable price is because it is a principle with them to allow nothing to go to waste. The cold roast or boiled meat that is left over from yesterday is transformed into a palatable dish for to-day's meal; it is cut into slices, it is warmed very carefully so as not to become tough or overdone, and a nice sauce is added to it. The meat with which the soup is made is served in various ways and is always palatable. Every thing in these cheap restaurants is used; nothing goes to waste. They do not buy large pieces of meat, but small ones, and though you only get a little of each dish on the bill of fare, you have found when you have finished that you have had "an elegant sufficiency," and that it has been served with those trifling and inexpensive relishes which French cooks know how to put to the best use, and which help so much to make which French cooks know how to put to the best use, and which help so much to make

APPETIZING AND ATTRACTIVE. We consider it an advantage, too, in our style of cooking that the dishes are served one after the other, you get one dish and one vegetable, and not two or three vegetables at once, as you do in American restaurants. As you do not see too many dishes of food at the same time, the consequence is your appetite is not taken away. Some of

of food at the same time, the consequence is your appetite is not taken away. Some of the cooks in these cheaper places, too, are very competent men; they are not sufficiently acquainted with the English language to obtain positions in the more pretentious establishments, and so, on their arrival in the United States, they are employed in some of these humble restaurants, natronized almost exclusively by people of their own nationality.

patronized almost exclusively by people of their own nationality.

Apropos of cooking it is well known that what is called French bread has come into general use, not only in restaurants but in families. It may surprise some readers to learn that the bread used at the Cafe Savarin is made from Hungarian flour especially imported for the purpose. This flour is used because the bread made from it is more compact and makes a better crust. The dough is put in long baskets lined with sail cloth; these are used because the dough can be put in softer, and it will rise more regularly than in a pam. We roast, too, by means of the old-fashioned French spit—a horizontal bar which, by certain mechanism, is made to revolve in front of the long, wide grate of a range fire. This method is not usually used in this country because the kitchens are not large enough, a very large range, sending out an enormous heat, being required.

required.

In conclusion a few aphorisms from the famous Savarin may not be amiss; they will serve to show a proper appreciation of good eating is not inconsistent with common required. sense. Here are a few of his sayings: The most indispensable qualification of a cook is punctuality;—the same must be said of the guests. A dinner without cheese is like a pretty woman with only one eye. The men who eat hastily or get drunk do not know how to eat or drink. The dinner table is the only place where men are not bored dur-ing the first hour,—animals feed; man eats; the man of intellect alone knows how to eat. Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are. ADRIEN TENU.

MORMON TITHING SCRIP.

The Queer Substitute forM oney Used by the Latter Day Saints.

Salt Lake City Letter & Globe-Democrat If you go into the principal office of the Tithing House you will see a tall young man handling what looks like money. He is behind a counter and the counter is protected by a high railing. The young man glances through the window, then looks down at the bills and goes on thumbing them like a bank teller. He goes to and from a big safe carrying bundles done up just as bills are, with little bands of brown paper pinned about them. Sometimes the young man doesn't stop to count, but takes the amount on the brown slip as correct and passes out the bundle. This is Mormon passes out the bundle. This is Mormon money. It is the tithing scrip. It is used to facilitate the handling of the grain and hay and live stock and produce which comes in. If you pick up one of these bills you will find it very much like a bank note in its appearance. In one upper corner is the number of the bill. In the lower left hand were is the in head with the lower left hand were is the in head with the lower left. hand corner is the in hoc signo of Mormon

ism—a bee hive.

The face of the bill reads: "General Tithing Storehouse. Good only for Merchan dise and Produce at the General Tithing dise and Produce at the General Tithing Storehouse, Salt Lake City, Utah." Each note bears the signature of the presiding Bishop. On the back is the denomination again and a vignette of the new temple at Salt Lake City. The back also bears the wording: "This note is not currenf except in the merchandise and produce departments of the General Tithing Storehouse." The engraving is well executed and the printing is well done. The bills vary in color. There are greenbacks for one department There are greenbacks for one department of the Tithing House, brownbacks for another, and so on. By using this scrip the church is able to create a market for considerable quantities of the tithing. This siderable quantities of the tithing. This scrip is given out in dispensing charity. It s used in paying for work on the temple so far as the workmen can make use of it. Employes of the Tithing House receive heir salaries or allowances partly in scrip. In numerous ways the Mormon money gets

A Timely Warning.

Uncle Jake-You must wuck with ene gy, Israel, el you wucker tall. Scriptah says, "Wotsomever you hastest fer to do you oughter dust it wid all yo' hawt an' mine an' stren'th." An' above all things

loan pronasticrate. Israel-Don't whichtycrate, uncle? Uncle Jake—Doan pronasticrate. Doan put off twell nex week whatchah orter done lass yeah. Time, Israel, is a mighty hahd hoss to head. Tharfo' to behoofs you, my chile, ketch him by the fetlock of you wan

Mistress of That Mansion. Detroit Free Press.1

Mr. Glinter recently suffered a severe business reverse, and incidentally signed all the property over to his wife. A gentle man desiring to communicate with Mr. Glinter called him up by telephone. On getting an answer he asked: "Is this Mr. Glinter's residence?"
"This is Mrs. Glinter's residence," came
the reply in a sharp female voice.

A Love of Literature. Puck.1

Mr. Seaside (during an inspection of his friend Dr. de Grolier's library)-You seem to be a great admirer of Dickens. Dr. de Grolier-Yes, indeed! I have all his works here in the original numbers, un-cui, and I don't even allow them to be dusted by any hand but my own.

The Golden Land.

When the heavens are drearily shrouded, With clouds and wintry gloom, I dream of a land that is golden With sunshine and summer bloom, And then the clouds and the darkness Like mist roll away from mine eyes, And I see in its beauty and sple The land of the golden skies!

And so, though Life's roses have perished,
In storms of wintry years,
Though sunshine has turned into darkness,
And pleasure to pain and tears,
I dream of skies that are cloudless,
Of peace, and of heavenly rest,
canchi sending glarious union,
The golden Land of the Blesti
-Charles W. Hubner in Atlanta Constitution

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] For doctrinal preaching in the sense of half a century ago—a mere rattling of the dry bones of theology, these days have no taste. Metaphysics, chopped with a clerical jaw, for the knife, and the Bible for a bowl, compose a hash of which we are now as suspicious as we are of the boarding house article. How our fathers and mothers stood it is a mystery. Those long-drawn, fine-spun disquisitions on election and the will and moral ability and natural necessity; topics

moral ability and natural necessity; topics fit only for a theological seminary—no wonder such provender starved the soul and made a generation of church absentees. If the choice lay between the swallowing such doses and running way, who would not run?

Happily, doctrinal preaching is still in vogue—must ever be. For you can no more have a church without doctrine than a body without the spinal column. We now preach doctrine more rationally, that is to say, practically. We show how and where and why it applies to daily life. Thus it is rubbed in, like a liniment. People are interested just as far and just as fast as they see and feel this application. Tell a man, for example, that faith is divided into head faith and heart faith, into faith that is intellectual and faith that is saving, and you only confuse him. He thinks faith a very mystical and remote thing. On the other hand show that faith is nothing but the equivalent of that every-day feeling called confuence, which lies at the roots of business, society, all human life, and he will grasp and appreciate it. Keep the doctrines, but bring them down as helps and inspirations in the shop, the home, the sanctum. In this way we may all of us "hitch our wagon to a star."

Presperous Sanday Schools.

There if no good reason why every church should not not have a flourishing Sunday school. It is all a matter of work and organization. There are children and young people enough. And these are ready and often eager to be gathered in. Why is it, then, that so many of our churches have starvling Sunday schools? Evidently because there is a lack of interest somewhere—probably overywhere. The minister does not want to be bothered, or is over-weighted already. The elders and dencons want to sit down on the cushion of self-indulgence. The church members use Sunday afternoon for a nap or a stroll. The few who attend the school do it because havoneted thither by a sense of duty. Of course the Sunday school is a stupid place in such circumstances, and who can be surprised to see all concerned address themselves to the pleasurable work of leaving it with alacrity?

Enter a prosperous Sunday school and you find what? Everybody there; all at work; the atmosphere electric; the singing frequent and hearty, the attention perfect; the whole assemblage alert: that quality we call "go" animating the whole scene. Put more "go" into your school and you will find more going.

A Lesson of the London Strike. There is one lesson of the great "strike" in Loudon which we trust will never be torgotten by the dock laborers themselves nor by workingmen generally. And it is that the drink traffic thrives on the scant earnings of the poor. It is reported that a large number of the liquor salcons of the east end of Loudon have been bankrupted by the strike. By the persuasion of their leaders the men "on strike" ceased drinking liquor, and the relief fund was consequently made much more effective for good. Considered as an object lesson, what could be more telling than the closed doors of the gin palaces? Now that the strike is happily over we hope that this lesson will retain its power, and that the increased remuneration will be enhanced in value by the sobriety learned in the day of distress. There is one lesson of the great "strike" is

An Important American Problem. The fourth annual reports of Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, just is used, is an interesting addition to the existing information and statistics on the subject of labor in America. The work deals entirely with the question of working women in large cities. The book, which makes a volume of nearly 700 pages, gives an account of the general condi-tion of working women in all large American towns, and has a special chapter devoted to working women, etc.

Not the least important feature of the vol-ume is the chapter devoted to the character of

working women. Original investigations we made in Brookiya, Buffalo, Chicaga, Çinci nati, Cleveland, Indianapolia, Louisville, Neu ark, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphi Richmond, St. Louis and San Francisco, T. Richmond, St. Louis and San Francisco. Tables are given showing the various occupations in which the women in these cities are engaged, and the comparative per cent of moral and immoral women. After giving a novel and interesting report of his own personal investigation into the extent of immorality among working women, and the cause of it, Commissioner Wright thus sums up his opinion on the whole question: 'From all that can be learned, one need not hesitate in asserting that the working women of the country are as honest and as virtuous as any class of our citizens."

Commissioner Wright's report, treating as it does of an almost unwritten American problem, and in an exhaustive way, bids fair to attract wide attention.

Germany's Compulsory Insurance.

Prof. F. W. Taussig, of Harvard, explains in detail in the Forum the working of the German method of compulsory insurance of working men, which, we believe, is the first explicit account of this advanced socialistic legislation that has been given to American readers. Working people of both sexes who are employed in factories, in building operations, in mines or quarries, or any similar industries, and on railroads, are obliged to be insured, except such as are not properly working people at all, but administrative officers who receive a salary of more than \$500 per year. The employers are compelled by law to return to the proper officer a roll of their employes, and they are bound to pay contributions or premiums to the insurance funds, a part of which they can deduct from the wages of their employes, but a part of which they must also pay out of their own puckets. The insurance fund receives a contribution also from the State. Women are insured on the same conditions as men. If an employe is disabled he receives during the period of his disability one-half of his wages; if he dies he receives a sum equivalent to his wages for 20 working days. Germany's Compulsory Insurance.

wages for 20 working days.

A part of this system provides for the organization of compulsory insurance associations by industries; thus, there is one for the brewers, one for the textile manufacturers, and so on, which are all under Government superintendents. These associations pay also as pensions to widows and children a sum equal to about 29 per cent of the husband's or father's wages for a considerable period.

A more recent law requires that common laborers and domestic servants also shall be insured. This makes insurance so universally compulsory that there is no man or woman who works for wages in Germany that does not fall under its provisions in some way. The working of this legislation is decidedly socialistic, and it was devised by Bismarck to quiet the demands of the German Socialists. There is no legislative parallel to it in any other European State. Singularly enough, therefore, the very furthest advance made in socialistic legislation is under the Government in Europe which, perhaps, more than any other, except the Russian Government, retains the tyrannical features of ancient times.

When Garibaldi was endeavoring to free Italy from Austria he went before a crowd of

young men and appealed for recruits. They asked him what inducements he had to offer. asked him what inducements he had to offe The hero replied: "Poverty, bardship, battle wounds, and—victory?" The Italians caugh his enthusiasm and enlisted on the spot. We need more Garibaldis in the Church—men call-acrifice, men of nerve, men of outbur power, magnetic men, who can mesmerize mu titudes into faith and good works. Dead Churches.

When one reads Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," he thinks it the most unnatural of portrayals—dead men pulling the rope, dead men steering, dead men spreading the sails. But behold in many of our churches that picture is reproduced. There are dead men in the pulpit, dead men in the elder's seat, dead men in the deacon's pew, dead men handing the plate, dead men singing—a ministry of death to a congregation of the dead!

Let the prayer be to-day: O Lord, breathe on these dry bones. Make them live.

The General Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church has just closed its sessions in New York. It was a magnificent its sessions in New York. It was a magnineent body and represented a magnificent constituency. Although sixth in size among the churches of America (Roman Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopal, is the order), it ranks among the foremost in wealth, social power, and best of all, excognition of popular meeds. For one thing, it has more and more identified itself in redeat years with the crusade against pro-

ALL things have a double possibility in them of blessing or of hurt. Everything that we lay hold of has two nandles, and it depends upon ourselves which handle we grasp and whether we shall get a shock that slays or strength and blessing from the contact.—Mactaren. The ice on our pavements in the winter if that melts on the surface in the day and free again at night becomes dense and slippery youdail other. And a heart, that has be melted and then has been fracen again, harder than ever it was before.—104d.

ILLUSTRATIONS on the windows and argu-nents are the pillars of discourse.—Fuller. ments are the pillars of discourse.—Fuller.

Whe have to learn that one of the n powerful ways of preaching the Gospel sing it. No power can stand before Chrissons. The time was when "Meas" "Antioch" and "Windham" and "Dund stood with the strength of an archange marshal the troops of God; but for the law years our churches have been going had sacred music.—Tulmage.

in order to prove that the man who could van-quish fear, could vanquish the plague also; and he was right. 'Tis incredible what force the will has in such cases, it penetrates the body and puts it in a state of activity which renels all hurtful influences; while fear invites them.— Goethe. NAPOLEON visited those sick of the pla

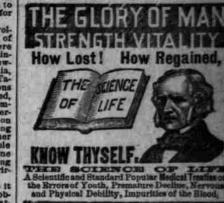
LAW it is, which is with ands, or feet; which is smallest of the and largest of the large; which hears with are, sees without eyes, and moves with cet, and seizes without hands,—Hindoo I willion of Lass.

Unfortunately, it only kills the worr



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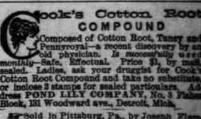
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